

trained in the rule of you who are guided by religion and aristocracy, the political powers that be, and who having no other means of support or business so important to them, as this license to live as parasites, are always ready and on hand with their whips and halts, to herd you back 'nto the line. When she is too independent and great to submit to ostracism she is confined in a nuthouse, the com-

(Continued on page Four)

THE BLUE GRASS BLADE

Published at Lexington, Kentucky, Every Sunday
Founded 1884, and edited by Charles Coffin Moore up to
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JAMES E. HUGHES, Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, postpaid, \$1.50 per year, in advance.
Trial subscription 15 cents per month.
All foreign subscriptions, postpaid, \$3.00 per year.
Five new subscribers sent with one remittance at \$1.00 per
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ALL ADVERTISEMENTS of whatsoever character, accepted
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ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Blade will be discontinued at
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has been paid up in advance. The address slip on the
paper will show subscribers the date of expiration of
subscription. Back numbers, or numbers omitted will
be sent, if asked for, upon renewal in case of discontinu-
ance.

MAKE ALL money orders, drafts, checks, etc., payable to
JAMES E. HUGHES, Lexington, Ky., as this will
facilitate collection.

SHOULD ANY SUBSCRIBER change his or her address, ad-
vise this office, giving both old and new, and the Blade
will be sent to the new address, as desired.

THE OFFICE of publication of the Blade is at 55 West
Short street, Lexington, Kentucky, to which all Free-
thinkers will be given a hearty welcome.

THE BLADE is entered at the Postoffice, at Lexington, Ken-
tucky, as second class mailing matter.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE BLUE GRASS
BLADE, P. O. Box 365, Lexington, Ky.

Life is a mystery.

Even death is a leap in the dark.

Religion is growing stale and unprofitable.

The divine message must have got swamped dur-
ing transit.

Liberty is unsafe in the hands of orthodox christian
believers.

It is no safe plan to judge a man's character by
his catechism.

Modern science, in its application, is the only
true Savior of mankind.

Comstock has practically admitted that he is
serving the Lord only for the long green.

The supply of aggressive, intellectual, liberal
thought is not being made equal to the demand.

Progress is a desirable thing only when we know
we are making it in the right direction.

When men grow short on moral virtue it is im-
possible to make up the deficiency by reciting long
prayers.

The Christian religion exercises as little moral
influence upon the lives of its votaries as the
seventh commandment.

Humanity must cease seeking the shadows in the
realm of make-believe and learn that the kenda-
green of the laborer may be more worthy of honor
than the purple of power or the broadcloth of the
parson.

American liberty did not come through the or-
thodox faith for it was painfully won by a
bayonet on the backs of Cornwallis' buccanniers
and Thomas Paine wrote the first words of our
nation's freedom.

A thousand years are but as one tick in the
mighty horologe of Time and the tied life, but
three score years and ten. This brief period we
expend, not in living, but in providing the means
of life, not as creation's lords, but slaves to our
own avarice, the most pitiful passion that ever
cursed mankind.

Life is likened unto a great railroad system. At
birth all make the same kind of a start on the great
line which has its branches running in every direc-
tion. For a time we all travel along the same line
but as we journey on each traveler selects his own
branch or is driven from it by the law of necessity.
Our political saviors are now bending every en-
ergy to create those necessities which turn us from
our appointed path.

Truly, it seems as if some monstrous curse has
fallen upon the womb of the world. What is be-
coming of the race? Whither are we drifting? Our
fathers labored in the performance of strict duty
even though the reward might be a gibbet, but in
these days even preachers strive to win praise and
falsely flattery by empty plausibility and try to
manage matters mundane on the basis of brute
selfishness. Their only Mecca is the wages of gold
and grub.

If all the human suffering, the heartaches, the
sorrow and despair that has been caused by the
Christian religion, begotten of its insatiable thirst
for greed, could be used to form another hell, the
Prince of Darkness would stand appalled. Every
dollar it can boast has been coined from the life-
blood of the poor. The shadows of its gilded domes
fall athwart the cot of the laborer whom it has
robbed of his earnings.

WHAT WARDEN COFFIN THINKS OF THE PROPOSED MOORE BOOK

Who, of our readers, has not heard of Warden Coffin, formerly of the Ohio State pen-
itentiary, practically the head of that penal institution when Editor Charles C. Moore was
confined there a martyr to the cause of human liberty? Who has not read of the many
kindly references made by Mr. Moore to that hospitable, generous-hearted and kindly gen-
tleman? Who does not remember the great love and attachment that sprang up between the
convict and his keeper during that enforced association in the walls of a government prison?

It is with genuine pleasure that we give space to the following letter, making it a
feature of this issue, as being one of the very best testimonials to the purity of Mr. Moore's
motives, his splendid character and lofty purpose. It was written to the Blade in response
to the request for subscriptions to the proposed publication of Mr. Moore's writings and
should exercise a wide influence. It reads:

Springfield, Ohio, October 15, 1906.

MR. JAMES E. HUGHES.

Dear Sir:—In reference to the publishing by you the writings of the late Charles C.
Moore would say that by all means publish it and put me down for one copy at least.

There ought to be no trouble in your procuring two thousand subscribers for this book.
Let the friends of grand old Charley Moore get a hustle on them. Respectfully yours,

E. G. COFFIN.

PERSONAL TO OUR READERS.

Force of circumstances which we could not control
has delayed the publication of the Blade during
the past two weeks and we crave the kind indul-
gence of our readers. The delay was occasioned
consequent upon our moving to another office and
it seemed as if every kind of an unforeseen accident
had to occur in putting up our machinery. The
delay has been as annoying to us as it could possi-
bly be. It may be that the Lord above, if there is
one, took a hand in the game and caused all the
trouble just to get even with the Blade for what we
have said about him.

Happily, our troubles are at an end, in this re-
spect. We are safely lodged in our new quarters
and our linotype and other machinery has been
put it in place. It is our purpose to get out two
issues of the Blade this week in order to catch up.
One of these will be published Monday or Tuesday,
November 5th or 6th, and the other will be mailed
at the customary season so that our readers may
look for their regular Sunday copy.

Now that we are in a new home we hope to run
along better, smoother and happier. With the issue
succeeding this one we shall be able to be prompt
with the Blade again.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING.

Day by day the world grows more and more com-
plex until the science of government becomes as
intricate as that of chemistry. At the same time
does not appear that our human progress has made
the people any happier for as civilization advances
the wants of the race increase and multiply, many
incapable of acquiring gratification or satisfaction,
hence, unable to attain happiness. From the cradle
to the grave man struggles through a maze of en-
dless complications which our politicians seek to
increase and our preachers to further entangle us
in snares and delusions.

There is no greater or more impressive truth
than that which declares that our ways and wants
are not the ways and wants of our forefathers. And
yet, with all our advancement, the question of ob-
taining food and shelter has never been more
absorbing. As an inevitable consequence of the
rule that our needs increase by their satisfaction it
appears that the more a man has the more he wants.
Freethinkers have, in a measure, sought out and
striven to restore to honor, the true life, and declare
that the center of all human progress lies in moral
and mental growth. The art of living is to know
how to apply life to the best possible advantage.
Since no man can hold his life in constant and
perpetual check it is better to respect it and use it
instead of going about in such a way as to make
others disgusted with it. In other words, do not
waste your life. Use it. Make it bear wholesome
fruit. Learn to give it that it may not consume
itself.

The student knows that it is environment that
controls us and hems us in on all sides. To improve
society we must improve the individual unit and
this improvement the unit can accomplish himself.
The true soldier takes good care of his sword that
it is not bent or rusted and bow much more care-
ful should we be with our thoughts, those thoughts
that mold and shape our human destinies!

Here is the true philosophy of life. It is no
imitation Jesus to agonize about and cause bibles
and prayer books to be sent to naked negroes in
equatorial Africa. It is no revengeful God who
makes and damns mankind to satisfy an idle curi-
osity. It is no creed-bound rules to imprison
the brain and chain the intellect to the altar of
faith. This philosophy will bring grander ideals
and abolish life's dissonance and despair. This
philosophy makes no pretence at knowing the fu-
ture and spends no time speculating upon it. It
stands overhwhelmed by the irrevocable past and
is at death-grips with the present. This philosophy
was born of Reason and nursed by knowledge, it is
the child of love and pain and it lives between the
rosy rays of hope.

CONFESSION OF A CHURCHMAN.

For unvarnished truth the Blade desires to com-
mend a writer giving his name as Milo Atkinson in
the Christian Standard, a church organ published
at Cincinnati. He says:

"On the subject of Christian stewardship let me
say that in the church today there are a great many
people who are either telling a lie, or they are living
a lie."

Good! This is a frank confession and it evidently
comes from one who knows. He may have been a
long time in finding it out but the truth comes bet-
ter later than never to come at all. It has not yet
occurred, probably, to Milo Atkinson that the very
class who daily commit the sine of which he com-

plains are those who occupy the pulpits, or, it may
be that he was taking a shot at them, too, being
familiar with facts and circumstances compelling
him to make such a declaration. When such a truth
can be told the Blade must begin to incline to the
belief that, after all, there may be something good
come out of Nazareth.

But the confession contains nothing new. Free-
thinkers have known of such conditions for years.
This is one of the most potent reasons why so many
are Freethinkers today. The arrogant hypocrisy and
humburgery daily practiced by preachers and their
congregations induced them to first suspect the
efficacy of so-called divine revelation and they be-
gan to make a few personal inquiries on the sub-
ject. The result was inevitable. Investigation is
fatal to theology. It proved to them that the im-
portant facts of life had been sadly and seriously
neglected while only the unimportant facts had
been preserved. They found that the Christian reli-
gion was incapable of furnishing a new truth or
even the means by which new truths might be dis-
covered. They found that a strict application of
alleged Christian principles would disturb the
natural march of human progress and render civiliza-
tion difficult to obtain. Thus they left the
church, ceased to assist in its sustenance, and all
because they knew just what Milo Atkinson now
affirms to be true.

If more churchmen could be brought to that point
of honesty manifested by the author off the fore-
going remarkable statement it would not be a
difficult problem to solve as to the future of the
church. If those, or even some of them, now within
the church are either telling a lie or living a lie,
we need no stronger testimony of its utter incapa-
city to subvert morality or moral influences.
When the writer asserts that there are "many"
such within the church he comes near reaching the
point of the church's undoing, but when he employs
an adjective and says there "are a GREAT many"
he has pulled down the edifice and started in to
clear away the rubbish it has made. By implication
a "great many" would indicate, at least, a fair
majority, and in this way we may be able to account
for the growing weakness of the church. Such a
statement leaves but a miserable few who may be
assumed to be honest in their beliefs and practices,
based thereon, and these are that way because they
cannot help it and would be the same under any
other system.

The Blade accepts the statement as whole truth,
the declaration of a well known, universally recog-
nized fact. In the language of Gratiano, we feel
like saying:

"We thank thee, Jew, for teaching us those
words."

WANTED—\$10,000 OR MORE!

"New York City is, without doubt, the greatest
missionary district in the world, and if our people
rightly viewed this great territory tens of thou-
sands of dollars would be forthcoming for this
field alone."

Upon reading such an expression one is prone to
the thought that it was the utterance of some po-
litical conference, or a gathering of patent medi-
cine men. Such was not the source of its origin.
It came from a religious convention, the delegates
to which had one eye on New York and the other
upon its greatest gold—GOLD.

Here is the missionary spirit expressed in full
force, with all its venerable gone and its hideous
form laid bare. No thought for a suffering human-
ity, of liberty in chains, of weak mothers and
starving babes. No thought of foreign countries
from cruel wrong and oppression but the mission-
ary field abroad having become a "played out old
song" unable to bring in the cash, the sole motive
appears in that "tens of thousands of dollars" are
expected to be derived from such a source. And
why all this amount of cash? Is not salvation free,
without money and without price?

The quotation given above is a fair representa-
tion of the purpose and aims of the Christian mis-
sionary effort. It is a plain case of "I'm God
Trust" and they like to see the engraving. Fancy
that the basic influences that are to concentrate a
bunch of Christian missionaries on New York is
that "tens of thousands of dollars" are expected
to be gained by it. But don't set a high valuation
on their effort, or, worse, perhaps, the sum named
represents the extent to which they can count upon
their dupes permitting themselves to be flim-flam-
med out of their cash. Time was when the cry
only came for cash with which to carry on a mis-
sionary, proselyting campaign in foreign countries.
It would seem that the game has run its limit. New
schemes must be tried. This draws us to the end.
When those who contribute to such enterprises are

able to see the dismal failures wrought there will
be a sudden hiatus in the bag and missionaries will
have to go planting post-holes in the dark of the
moon. The movement may last for a time for the
"glory of God" is a great thing to draw cash but
it won't last long.

THE BLADE LOSES A SUBSCRIBER.

"All this dread ore break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! Oh, madness! Pride! Impiety!"

Were this old world perfect the preachers would
be in the devil of a fix for there would be no need
of heaven. It is only by unceasing toil, labor and
struggle that the race rises higher and higher to
new planes of existence. Had man remained in the
Biblical Eden he would still have been a chump.
If death ends all we shall experience no disappoint-
ments, grasp no apples of Sodom when we pass to
the ever dreamless sleep. Some declare that they
control the only gate to heaven, all others being
but the highway to hell. Hence, there can be no
perfection, for with perfection progress ceases.

Upon this same hypothesis the Blade realizes
that it is by no means perfect. It could not be per-
fect if it would. But the Blade has a motto which
it strives to follow in the establishment of truth
and the cutting down of palpable error. It may
not succeed but it will only give up the struggle
after a most desperate effort. In the prosecution of
its mission it is necessary to assail shams, expose
fraudulent fraud and cut down error and falsehood
with an ever sharpened edge. This is not a God
given duty, but a self assumed task and in the
doing we did not expect we would please every-
body. Better and grander men have miserably
failed in such an effort. It is better to offend one,
however, than the many and in this light we can
appreciate and understand the opprobrious epi-
thets thrown our way by one, W. W. Howard, of
Dixon, Missouri, whose letter we published last
week. As a general rule it might be better to si-
lently ignore such an epistle, to treat it with the
contempt that it richly deserves, but there is such
a splendid moral to be drawn from it that the
Blade cannot forego the pleasure of a reply.

The stationery upon which Mr. Howard's letter
was written informs us that he is a banker, being
vice-president of "The People's Bank" of Dixon.
Of course its patrons have no idea that Mr. How-
ard and his business associates are "the people."
As a banker he is exceedingly in admiration of
Roosevelt and he has excellent reasons for being so.
The Blade would not disturb the relationship of
the world. This is why, to Mr. Howard, there is so
much that is "rotten" in the columns of the Blade.
Most men will swear when their pet corn is in
canary and, doubtless, Mr. Howard's toes had
been abundantly trod on.

After all the truth is decidedly unpalatable to
those who delight in error. The fanatic invariably
looks at liberty through the inverted telescope. It
may be that the world is growing better, and the
Blade concedes that it is, for the Howard's no
longer twenty men head downwards for simply
telling the truth, they only cry "stop my subscrip-
tion" because your "sheet" is too "rotten" for
me. The political fanatic is no less dangerous than
the religious fanatic. The religious fanatic imagines
that the race is hot-footing it to hell because he
cannot make the people accept his brand of salva-
tion and the political fanatic indulges the delu-
sion that he alone holds the key to salvation. Both
of them should learn to apply the soft pedal. To
be only half free is virtually to remain half a slave.
Political freedom is as great a blessing as religious
freedom and there can be no true happiness until
both have been made a glorious human achieve-
ment.

True, indeed, men will differ, and they will con-
tinue to differ, upon what should be destroyed and
what should be preserved; but we have no need for
any difference of opinion in assailing that which
which is palpably untrue. Men may, and men do,
misunderstand freedom in a different way, because
they view it in a different light. Doubtless the
Howards desire perpetual freedom to borrow
money at three and four per centum and loan it
again at eight and ten per centum. This may be
"legally" honest, but it is a financial fraud and a
system that is sapping the vitality out of American
labor and strangling American manhood. It is
placing freedom on a reared plumb line, lying along
a steep decline. To call a paper "rotten" may be a
cheap method of saving a dollar per annum, but it
is degrading to one who takes such a course. The
Freethought proclivities of such a man are as
artificial as an old maid's complexion. The Blade
could not be happy with such a member in its
family circle and now we come to think we are far
better off without him. The Blade gladly, cheer-
fully and willingly offers his dollar as a sacrifice
upon the altar of liberty, the glorious privilege of
being free to cut down shams political as well as
shams religious.

Could the Blade have thought about the matter
in time we might have strangled our independ-
ence, fawned upon the "Howards" that thrift
might follow, but when we do that we shall cease
the advocacy of Freethought and confess the belief
that "give me liberty or give me death" was all a
big bluff, then jump into the baptismal font in the
hope of sprouting a pair of serpentine wings. Fortu-
nately the Blade has learned that it takes more
than one cat fish to make a creek and that all men
are not "Howards." We have also learned that it
is impossible for the Blade to be a friend of the
banker who thrives on usury and remain a champi-
on of the people's rights. There are some bankers
of the people's rights. There are some bankers
who are gentlemen, liberals, honest and praise-
worthy, but they are of a far different caliber than
is Howard. Hence the parting of the ways.

Life insurance presidents who pocket \$200,000 a
year salaries are not the only jackals who fatten
on the substance of the poor. Even a Howard may
clutch mortgages on Missouri homes, and demand

